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Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.

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THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

IX.

THE remarks of an educated and thinking man like Cordiner are all the more valuable from the circumstances that they were written at a time when archæology was almost an unknown science, and when the ideas of those few who made it a study were not only often crude, but thoroughly erroneous. Still it is necessary to call attention to one or two points in the foregoing, where Cordiner cannot be said to be strictly accurate. In the first place he takes it as granted that the carvers of the Scottish crosses were unacquainted with letters. This by no means follows, as the art displayed in the illumination of the Irish missals and that of the Scottish crosses, which, as I have already said, bear the strongest resemblance to each other, will amply demonstrate.

Neither does he clearly point to the era in which the crosses were erected. He talks of it first as an "age of which we have no annals," and then as "an epoch more remote" than the twelfth century. He states that the dragonesque pattern was the style of art of the "kingdoms next to Great Britain about the end of the tenth and throughout the eleventh century," and that the crosses "must have been erected some time previous to" the middle of the eleventh century. In the third instalment of

my paper I mentioned that Dr Stewart considered that they were raised "probably in the seventh and eighth centuries." This no doubt holds good as a general rule, but some must be allowed to have been erected even earlier than this. I base my opinion upon the comparison of the illuminations of the Book of Durrow, which Dr Reeves assigns to the Columban age, with the designs on the stones. That some were raised at a later date than that given by Dr Stewart is equally probable. The intertwisted pattern still continued to be the ruling characteristic of Celtic art at the beginning of the tenth century, as is evidenced by the Gospels of MacDurnan (died 927), and the Book of Deir, which is presumably of the same date.

With regard to Cordiner's allusion to "the heads and limbs of animals, entwined with foliage with circular and waving stems, [being] the peculiar taste of ornament on the continent, especially in those kingdoms next to Great Britain, about the end of the tenth and throughout the eleventh century," I may say that, in my opinion, little significance need be attached to the circumstance. But Cordiner proceeds, "hence we may see the origin of the marginal embellishments of the obelisk." In my fifth number I quoted Dr Stewart's remarks upon the likeness existing between the Hilton border and some sculptures on early Northumbrian crosses, and mentioned that the only other phyllomorphic design he could find on a Pictish stone occurred at St Vigean's. But I pointed out that he had completely ignored the Tarbat margin, and afterwards called attention to a sculpture on a stone at Mugdrum, Fife, where what is apparently the figure of an animal is entwined with rude foliage, more nearly resembling the Hilton and Tarbat stones than that of St Vigean's, where foliage alone appears. But what does all this prove? Cordiner refers the origin of the design to the countries contiguous to Great Britain, while Dr Stewart refers it, as far as Scotland is concerned, immediately to Northumbria. I have endeavoured to show that the Ross-shire sculptures were far more probably conceived and executed by a travelled Pict than by an expatriated Saxon, for Pictish decorative art, in richness of design and expression, was far in advance of the ruder conceptions of the Saxon. Nor is the work certainly not, and yet, during the period mentioned by Cordiner, the Northmen were the only strangers settled in Pictish territory, for it was not

until the close of the eleventh century, or about the year 1080, that any Saxon immigration commenced. But why not Norse? Because archæologists are beginning to sift evidence, and not to be guided blindly by so-called tradition in every case. Tradition is often very valuable, but it must be received with caution. The Scandinavians themselves, who are among the most painstaking of modern antiquaries, when they are unable to point to any pseudo-Danish Burgs, and hieroglyphical crosses upon their own shores, or on those of any of their colonies, are fain to admit that such works existent in Scotland could not possibly have been the work of their ancestors. Professor Worsaae, the learned author of *The Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1852), and who travelled all over the British Isles to make enquiries respecting genuine existing Scandinavian monuments and memorials, ridicules the idea of the cross of Camuston commemorating a defeat in which a Danish general named "Camus" was slain, for "Camus," to begin with, says the Professor, is not a Scandinavian name. The "town" is of course called from *camus*, a bay, a creek or bend of river. The Professor is of opinion that none of the sculptured stones can be referred to a Danish or Norwegian origin; but it is needless to go into the matter now, as I intend to raise the whole question when considering the Danish tradition with reference to the Shandwick and Nigg crosses. I have already combated Dr Stewart's ideas regarding an appearance of "foreign influence" in zoomorphic design in Pictish art, and I intend to take the same stand respecting phyllomorphic compositions. If foreign patterns *were* introduced, it was Pictish art that exercised an improving influence upon them, not they upon Pictish art. I hope to be able to prove by the evidence, based on most careful research, of some of the most eminent of northern antiquaries, that the art known to the Teuto-Gothic races did not originate with them, but was imported from the west. Art flowed eastward, not westward, as far as Western Europe is concerned. In the Celtic lands were throned religion, civilisation, and culture, and finally an art which the savage hordes which visited their shores may have endeavoured to vitiate or debase, but which they never succeeded in destroying.

Shall we ever know the history of the raising of the Hilton stone? It is doubtful. To recapitulate: Cordiner, in 1780, says

that it had "lain unnoticed on its face from time immemorial . . . near the ruins of a chapel, which was at an early age dedicated to the Virgin Mary, . . . about two miles north from *Sandwick*," in other words at Hilton. Dr Stewart states, in 1856, "it now lies in a shed, the wall of which is believed to form part of an ancient chapel;" and Mr Denoon (who bears a name which was anciently an important one in the parishes of Fearn and Tarbat—once Tarbat only) remarks that, about 1851, "at the west end of the chapel was a small house or porch which contained the stone referred to," and further that it originally stood, or was placed in a sloping position sideways in the chapel park, at the east end of Hilton." It is now erected in the grounds of Invergordon Castle. We might also take for granted that about the year 1676 (whether it had previously been thrown down or mutilated, we know not) it was converted into a horizontal grave-slab for "Alexander Duf and his three wyves." A sculptured stone lies upon a grave mound at Rosemarkie at this moment, and the beautiful sand-stone cross there was formerly similarly used. Easter Ross being a very fertile tract, it became at an early date the site of numerous ecclesiastical settlements. As early as 697, according to Archbishop Spottiswoode, St Bonifacius (surnamed Queretinus) founded the Church of Rosemarkie, and the Aberdeen Breviary (1510) mentions it as the original burial place of St Moloch, the companion of Boniface. St Moloch's remains were afterwards removed to Lismore. It is certain that the Hilton stone is very ancient, and it probably always stood, till it was thrown down, in the burying-ground of Hilton, which there is reason to believe may mark the site of a much older ecclesiastical structure than the now ruined chapel.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING POPULATION STATISTICS.—The full report of the Census of Scotland contains much valuable information. Comparing the population with the area of Scotland it would appear that in 1881 there were 125 persons to every square mile, or 5'1 acres to each person. Four of the northern counties had only, as follows:—Sutherland, 12 persons; Inverness, 22; Argyll, 24; Ross and Cromarty, 25, to the square mile.

PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

THE excellent essay on Peasant Proprietors, by Mr Malcolm Mackenzie of Rangoon, at page 524 of your September issue, tempts me also, at the risk of repeating what I have said in past numbers, to consider a subject more vital than any other to the temporal prosperity, not only of Britain, but of the world. We hear frequently how well our emigrants thrive abroad, when they settle on land from which they run no risk of being evicted. Yet when their friends, like Skaebost, tell us that this security will not help them to prosper in Britain, we ask, Are we really expected to believe that a sober, healthy Celt, now half asleep on a croft, say in Skye, from which he may be evicted any day, will continue just as sleepy and careless if the land were his own? That theory needs far more digestion than I can manage. I have for over fifty years been a successful and profit-making grower of food in the North-East and West Highlands, and just wonder to hear the nonsense that is current as to our soil and climate, that of old grew such hosts of first-class people, being unable to grow them now; and mahogany table writers advising their removal, say to the seven months of winter climate yearly, in charming Manitoba bogs. And such advisers tell us that a family cannot exist on less than a £10 rented croft, by which, of course, they mean 10 acres of arable land.

But where can I find a wise, *practical* farmer able to show me how a crofter in the Highlands, whose capital is merely health and strength, can cultivate 10 acres without hired labour, even helped by a wife and average young family? We have to consider, say a farmer's, or crofter's, or fisher's son, grown up, and longing to set up his own tent, helped by the wife that God surely meant him to find as soon as he can grow the simple necessities of life. Am I to be told that such young men must not dream of beginning life till, like Jacob, they have served as hired labourers for many years, and thus saved enough money to start all at once as ten acre farmers, instead of beginning as small crofters? We may dream of young men being so wisely prudent, though bred to country life, but the golden age will have arrived ere we see them content to be half through life ere they marry, have to leave their parents' care, and set up for themselves.

Were a million prize offered to the finder of an ordinary family cultivating properly without hired labour more than five acres of arable land, no claimant for the money would ever be heard of. People who never earned their bread by brow-sweating the land that produced it parade theories about crofters starving, unless they have "elbow-room," meaning "at least ten acres of arable land." Will they be so kind as show how a family can cultivate more than five acres, or where such has ever been done, without hired labour of man or horse? The latter, involving far greatest expense, with the far smallest return, in fact, securing miserable crops, and hunger of man and beast. Only yesterday my attention was directed to a group of crofters, each holding two to five acres of nominally arable land, by way of cultivation by its starved sheltie, heather fed till yoked to the plough to scratch up the soil about three or four inches deep, the yearly consequences being miserable crops and plenty arrears of rent, what was paid being from the sea. And I have no hesitation in asserting that most of such ill-used land would, under the spade, and common sense, and ownership of the soil, produce valuable crops yearly, suited to the climate; abolishing starvation ninety-nine years out of the hundred. I hear of such lazy, creel-backed crofters riding their shelties to the peat-stack in the moor close by, and can understand any employment being better for the poor beasts than on the arable land. But no wise crofter will hire man or horse to cultivate his land, unless he is an invalid or cannot get it done by the spade; and it is sad to see millions of acres in Britain quite fit to grow abundant food for man or beast left all but waste for want of instruction, or the owners disliking trouble.

How matters should be altered about ownership is a question needing more consideration than cultivating the soil. The present important point, however, is teaching rational agriculture to our crofters, and getting their landlords to care wisely for them. I should like to hear of *one* who is able personally to show his crofters how the land should be cultivated, and does so himself, instead of sending a factor to manage matters; while he himself stays at home, or goes abroad for pleasure, leaving the post to which God appointed him to ignorant or careless hirelings.

I read much nonsense about our Highland soil being so poor and our climate so bad, that, although myriads of first-class men

and women grew on our Highland crofts lately (with precious little care or instruction in agriculture), and farmers thrive quite well on land whence our crofters were evicted, these must starve unless they emigrate. But I would like to know if such prophets of evil have themselves studied *practical* agriculture, and I have no doubt the answer will be "No." Of course, grain grows better in more sunny lands than in our mild, moist Highlands; but those who imagine that grain growing is more profitable than green crops and their consequences, can have had no education in practical agriculture.

I observe your correspondent writes of £100 houses on crofts. I have built, by contract, as good crofter houses as any wise person in that position can desire, and for £45. I am in the way of seeing cottages, quite habitable by a family, built for less than £30, all the materials and labour, except thatch, purchased; and I have been in many a sufficient croft cottage, built from plans by the crofter and his friends, that I believe never cost £10 in cash.

Sea fishing *is* more precarious than depending on land for support; but thousands of crofters have leant partly on land and partly on the sea for a living, and neither they nor their landlords have regretted this; and were I looking out for a croft for my home, much experience would lead me to choose one close to the west coast fishing sea-board.

If Government is to advance money to Irish crofters to enable them to buy their land, it seems to me similar advances might be as wisely made to Scottish crofters. And now that entails of land can be got rid of, I shall be praying for a law prohibiting landowners from borrowing money on the security of their estates. If they won't live below their income, let them sell as much land as will pay their debts and begin again more soberly. We should then see crofter townships in the market, and Government would have chances of becoming owners in order to sell the land to the crofters, as they proposed doing to the lucky Irish people.

And so I wait till those who point to emigration as the sole remedy for benefitting our crofters show me the necessity of this, when we have millions of acres in Britain, now all but waste, though quite capable of growing all ordinary crops sufficient for supporting in health and happiness our so-called surplus popula-

tion for generations to come; although that waste land is now in the hands of owners who make no good use of it themselves nor allow others to do so.

EILEANACH, INVERNESS.

J. MACKENZIE, M.D.

THE BLACKIE TESTIMONIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—So long as the unexpected proposal of the Gaelic Society of Inverness in the above matter seemed to point to a personal recognition of my services in the shape of a portrait or bust, it would have been unseemly in me to interfere by word or deed, however much I might have been inclined to look in a different direction; but as, according to the report in your last number, that proposal seems more likely to result in the foundation of Bursaries connected with the Celtic Chair, I feel that it will not now be considered impertinent in me as an experienced University man to offer an opinion on the shape which such Bursaries, if created, may most profitably assume. I have long been of opinion that the tone and range of Celtic learning in this country would most effectually be improved by the establishment of a travelling fellowship, such as is attached to some of the Chairs in the English Universities. The holder of such a fellowship in connection with the Celtic Chair, after going through an examination in Latin, Greek, Comparative Philology, Gaelic, and the elements of Sanscrit, should be required to travel in some Celtic country—Ireland, Wales, Bretagne, or the Isle of Man—to hear the lectures of some of the most eminent Celtic scholars in foreign Universities; and after such residence should at the close of his tenure deliver a discourse in the University Hall on some subject of Celtic history, philology, or antiquities, arising out of his sphere of travel. Such a course of foreign residence could scarcely fail to root out those narrow and partial views of Celtic matters which home-bred Highlanders are so often found to entertain. The amount of the fellowship might be £100 a year, and the term of tenure two years. I humbly submit this proposal to the intelligent and generous Celtic gentlemen who have been so kind as to think of my services personally in this matter; and am, yours sincerely,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE,

Pitlochry, 7th September 1882.

A NEW EDITION OF AN OLD SCOTCH SONG.

—o—
By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE well known Scotch song, *I hae laid a herring in saut*, seldom sung now in this super-refined age, is undoubtedly one of the finest bits of humour that our rich treasury of popular song contains. It always struck me that the effect of this song might be increased, if more inducements of a utilitarian sort were held forth to the backward fair one; so one day, when the music haunted my ear, I took the liberty so often used by Burns, of working on another man's foundation, and enlarging the three verses into five. How far I have succeeded in this your readers may judge. I give you the complete thing, old and new together, as I sing it now.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOO?

I ha'e laid a herring in saut,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I ha'e brewed a forpit o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo!

I ha'e a house on yonder muir,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a but an' I ha'e a ben,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I ha'e three chickens an' a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo!

I ha'e a hearth an' a blazing log,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
A bawsint cat an' a collie dog,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a yard wi' tatties good—
Lass, gin ye loo me, tell me noo;
Wi' mint, sweetwilliam, an southernwood,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo!

I ha'e a hen wi' a happity leg,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo ;
 Ilka day she lays me an egg,
 But I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a goodly kebbock o' cheese,
 Far o'er big for a single mou' ;
 Share it wi' me, an' live at your ease,
 An' bless the day when I came to woo !

I ha'e laid a herring in saut,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo ;
 I ha'e brewed a forpit o' maut,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 Many a flighty, fusionless goose
 Mair fine-spun speech will weave to you,
 But I am here, an' ye canna refuse
 A man like me, when I come to woo !

THE MASTER OF BLANTYRE AND THE SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION.—At a recent meeting a letter was read from the Master of Blantyre resigning his position as President of the Glasgow Sutherland Association, in consequence of the conduct of the Society in having recently sent their Vice-President, Mr Angus Sutherland, a native of the county, to rouse the natives against the recent eviction proceedings in Rogart. The Master of Blantyre is a nephew of the Duke of Sutherland, and it is therefore easy to understand the cause of his sudden alarm at the action of the Sutherland Association.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.—A history of this ancient and illustrious family, by the Editor, will be commenced in the November number of the *Celtic Magazine*, and continued from month to month in a similar manner to the Histories of the Mackenzies, of the Macdonalds, and of the Mathesons, since published in volume form. No efforts will be spared to make the work worthy of the great great Cameron Clan. Lochiel has already kindly promised his aid, and the editor hopes that any members of the Clan, or others, who may possess information, will help him in making the work as complete and trustworthy as it is possible to make it. Full and authentic Genealogies of the House of Lochiel and of all the Branch families of the Clan will be brought down to date.

INSTRUCTIVE GAELIC PROVERBS.

"CHA teid mi dh' iarraidh iasad suachdain, is cha toir mi iasad suachdain seachad." This proverb is one of those which may be called educational, and such always have a story attached to them. It may be translated thus: "I will not seek the loan of a pot, nor will I give the loan of a pot." This saying might be mistaken for the expression of a proud, independent spirit that would not stoop to ask and did not wish to give. The story, however, shows that it was the utterance of a mean, selfish, contemptible person; and it is in condemnation of all such conduct that it is quoted by the Highlanders. The story is as follows:—There was once a woman in a little township who had from day to day for years borrowed a pot from some of her neighbours in which to cook her food. At length she purchased one for herself, and felt very important indeed as the possessor for the first time of a new pot. In the intensity of her selfishness she determined that she would not lend it to anyone. She placed it on the fire, and, after gazing admiringly at its rotund proportions, hastened to protect it by issuing a proclamation in the words of the proverb quoted. She stood on the top of her own dunghill, cried aloud concerning the matter, and her neighbours heard her. Feeling content that she had done a great thing, she returned to the house to find her pot in splinters on the large peat fire. She had hung it on the crook, and in her haste to protect it she forgot to put water into it. She was now in a worse plight than ever, for her selfish proclamation shut her out from the sympathy of her neighbours who had so long shared their utensils so thanklessly with her.

Another proverb of this sort is, "Suas e iomaire a bhonnaich bhearnaich" (Hurrah for the rig of the broken bannock). The story attached to this one is that two sisters had married about the same time and took up house close to each other. In the course of time the one had a numerous family, while the other had none. The sister who was childless was a very tidy person, and took great pride in keeping her house nice and in having everything proper. She was especially proud of her bannocks, which were always placed on the table smooth, white, and unbroken. She was therefore terribly disgusted with her more prolific sister's thriftless and untidy ways, but more especially with the state of

the bread she saw in her house. There never was a whole bannock there, for the children would have pieces out of them here and there even whilst toasting before the fire. The indulgent mother was sore over the frequent taunt of her sister, "Cha'n fhaca mi riamh agad ach bonnach bearnach" (I never saw you have but a broken bannock). At length her hour of triumph came. On a fine day in autumn, when the golden grain was ready for the sickle, the two sisters set out to cut down their fields. The one was alone, the other had three of her children with her—one shearing, one making bands, and the other binding. In the course of the day the mother and children got their rig cut far ahead of the one on which the solitary woman laboured, and then in the pride of her maternal heart she gave utterance to her hosannas in the words of this proverb.

Another proverb that would not be in the least understood without its illustrative anecdote is one of the most sarcastic of them all—"Beo gun bhiadh, geal gun nigheadh; feoraich sin do chois a mhínean" (Alive without food, white without washing; ask that of the kid's foot). This saying strikes at the root of all false pretences. It is said that a young and beautiful woman was married, and wishing to appear as a very goddess to her husband, she pretended to be above all weaknesses, and to have none of the needs of her more earthly sisters. She was too ethereal to eat, and she was always fair and clean without washing. At length her husband began to suspect that she was deceiving him; that she could not thus be "beautiful for ever" without the aid of water, nor so fat and fair without substantial food. He resolved, therefore, to watch her. One morning when he saw a blue wreath of smoke rising from his cot at an unwonted hour he returned home from the hill where he was to have remained all day. He smelt something savoury cooking when he came near the house, but his wife saw him coming and hastily hid the food. She had, however, in her hurry stumbled and spilt part of the contents of her pot, and thus burned the foot of a pet kid that lay by the hearth. Its master on stooping to see what was the matter with it, detected that the burnt part had a savoury smell. To show his foolish wife that he had detected her, he gave utterance to the words of the proverb, which have been quoted so often since by the old folks when sham was suspected or false pretences detected.

MARY MACKELLAR.

THE PRESS-GANG IN MULL—A CURIOUS SEQUEL.

FOR the following story, which appeared in the *Boston Traveller* in 1858, we are indebted to a friend in that city, and we have much pleasure in reproducing it:—

The war waged against the French Empire under Napoleon the Great, by England, was carried on principally at sea, or in isolated expeditions ashore, in which seamen and marines were the forces engaged. It was not until the star of Napoleon had paled amid the snows of Russia, that Wellington, with Spain at his back, was able to make headway against the legions of France. Even then, Wellington's success was but the complement of the triumphs which had been achieved by the navy. Suppose, in the midst of his glorious career, the British fleets had been driven from the sea, he would soon have been driven into it, for the fleets were his base of operations. They supplied him with men and all the material of war. The navy was then, as it still is, the soul of Britain's military greatness and the right hand of her power. Considering its importance, it is but natural to assume that the navy was regarded with more than ordinary feelings of pride by the British people; and so it was and has been for centuries. But at the time of this true story, notwithstanding its many victories, and its high position in public estimation, it was regarded by seamen with horror and detestation. The cruelties practised on board the ships, in the name of discipline, were so incessant and atrocious, that many a noble fellow, even in the hour of victory, cursed his country in his heart, while he envied those who had been slain by his side. Originally, perhaps, torn from those he loved by a ruthless press-gang, and forced on board a man-of-war, to be flogged, starved or starved, as suited the caprice of those in command, naturally engendered feelings of hatred that sometimes ended in mutiny and murder. There were but few volunteers in those evil days.

The press-gangs were invariably composed of desperate characters—men, who, if the opportunity offered, would have had no scruples against becoming pirates. These were organised in the principal seaports of the three kingdoms, and commanded by naval officers, who were too bad to serve afloat. They were not natives of the places where they were stationed, consequently had no local prejudices to interfere with their diabolical duty. All was fish that came into their net, provided the victims were sound in wind and limbs. Beside these, however, in cases of emergency, when men were in urgent demand, gangs were organised on board ships and fleets, and made a descent upon large cities, impressing all that came in their way. In one of these forays, an old tar informed us that the Mayor and Aldermen of North Yarmouth were brought on board the fleet, and kept there in irons during the greater part of a night. Of course, many of those who were impressed under such circumstances were released; but all who were sound and friendless had to remain.

Notwithstanding the proud Briton's boast—"That an Englishman's house is his castle," the press-gangs recognised no such sentiment, but followed their prey through broken doors and windows, and sometimes would break into churches on the Sabbath, during service, when they could not secure their marked men at other times. Occasionally the press gangs were awfully handled—combinations were formed against them; but when too weak to make headway themselves, they always fell back upon the military for support, if any were in the vicinity. They were the terror of all poor men and were despised by the rich, yet they were well supported by the government

and its officers. So infamous were they, that it was considered no sin to kill them. This will explain the following incident :—

William Maclean was a boatman in the Island of Mull. In company with his two sons, Ranald and Roderic, he had returned in the evening from a successful fishing excursion. The boys went to bed early, but the father, in company with other fishermen, was preparing to go to a neighbouring island to smuggle whisky to the mainland. Under cover of the darkness they were proceeding to the beach, when they observed two boats landing near their own. They hid themselves behind a rock, and soon learned that the boats belonged to a ship of war in the offing, which had landed for the purpose of impressing the fishermen along the coast, and that they were guided by a Macdonald, who had been expelled from the island for cattle-lifting.

The poor fishermen were terrified, for the infamy of the navy had even reached that out-of-the-way place. Some half-a-dozen maimed seamen, who had been impressed, resided on the island and had told the story of what they had suffered in the navy. Although the Highlanders along the west coast of Scotland were excellent boatmen, they did not love ships; their tastes were rather military than naval. A regiment of soldiers could be recruited more easily among them than a revenue cutter could be manned. While the boats' crews were arranging their plans, Maclean counselled his friends to proceed quietly from house to house, and tell the fishermen to meet at a certain place to devise means for their common protection, and to take with them all the arms they had. He went to his own house, and arming himself and his boys, 18 and 15 years of age respectively, with rusty broadswords, that had not, perhaps, been out of their scabbards since 1746, repaired to the trysting-place. In less than an hour, some fifty men and boys had assembled; and now the question arose—what was to be done?

"Cut them off to a man!" counselled Maclean, whose terror had been supplanted by intense indignation, "spare not a soul of them!" "It is well said," replied one of his neighbours savagely between his teeth. "You lead us, William." Not a dissenting voice was heard. Boys who had been sent to watch the movements of the press-gang, returned with information that they had surrounded a house, broken open the door, and were searching for men, much to the annoyance of the women and children.

The gang numbered thirty men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, led by a lieutenant. The fishermen crawled upon their hands and knees towards the house, and gradually closed in a circle round the unconscious gang, who were watching to prevent the escape of those within. At a given signal, the fishermen sprang to their feet, and rushed upon the gang with the fury of tigers. In less than half an hour not a man of them was alive. A few shots were fired by the intruders, without effect, then all was silent as the grave. The fishermen retired to the hills, taking with them all the provisions they could find.

William called upon the laird, an old soldier, and told him briefly what had taken place. The laird was half pleased, but, apprehensive of consequences, advised William and his family to make their escape from the island as speedily as possible, giving him some money to bear his expenses.

Next morning, an eighteen gun brig was seen at anchor in the bay, with a signal of recal, for her boats, flying. There were two boat-keepers in each, and these, with the boats, were all that returned to the brig.

The commander of the brig landed, and was soon informed by Sir Archibald Maclean of the fate of the press gang.

"I'll shoot every one of the murderers!" exclaimed the commander.

"So you may," replied Sir Archibald, coolly, "if you can catch them."

"I'll land my whole ship's company, and hunt them to the death!"

"How many men have you, sir?"

"A hundred."

"You will require a thousand. The whole island is in arms, and mind, sir, these men are Highlanders, men who would rather fight than eat at any time!"

"Are there no civil officers here?"

"None. When a man does not behave himself, he is expelled the island, and if he returns, he is killed and no questions asked."

"How can you live in such a community? What safeguard have you for your life or property?"

"Safeguard enough. These wild folks are my kinsmen; there is not one of them who would not risk his life to serve me."

"If such be your influence, then, in the King's name, I command you to produce the murderers of my boats' crews."

"Name them, sir, and so I will."

This he could not do. He remained at the island two or three days and receiving no satisfaction, proceeded southward and reported to the Admiralty what had taken place. But the Government, no doubt fearing that the example of this successful resistance to the press-gang might be followed in other places, contented itself with offering a reward for the apprehension of the murderers, and so the affair dropped. Ever afterwards during the war, the fishermen kept a look-out on the hills for vessels of war, and whenever one was reported in the offing, they took to their arms and retreated from the sea-side until the apprehended danger was past. There were, however, no more attempts at impressment in Mull during the war.

William Maclean, his wife and two sons, embarked in a fishing boat, and after a great deal of trouble and privation, landed on the island of Pomona, the mainland of the Orkneys. Here he settled his family upon a small farm, and changed his name to Bruce; and though he did not like ships, yet to be out of the way, went several voyages to Davis' Straits, whaling. He had been quite successful, and intended to make one more voyage, and then settle on shore for life, but unfortunately, that voyage, when homeward-bound, he and all the other Orkney men on board were impressed by a frigate. He was then 45 years of age. His wife, who loved him with her whole soul, instead of pining and whining away her whole life in idle regrets, cursed the House of Hanover as the cause of her bereavement, and told her sons that if the Stuarts had filled the throne, their father would not have been dragged away like a thief. But, poor woman, a year had not passed before both her boys were also torn from her. She became almost mad, and was so incessant in her denunciations of the reigning family, that if she had been in England, she would surely have been arrested. Her wrath, however, had one good effect; it kept her alive.

Years rolled on; her sons, who were young men of good natural endowments, by their daring and exemplary conduct in other respects, soon rose to the rank of lieutenants. The old man, too, was made gunner of a frigate. The brothers, shortly after they were impressed, were sent on board of different ships, and never heard of each other, nor of their father during five years. All three, however, were mindful of Mrs Bruce, the name by which she was known, and kept her well supplied with money, for they had been fortunate in making prizes.

The fleet sent to Egypt in 1801 to act in concert with the land forces against the French, was under the command of Admiral Lord Keith. Seamen were frequently

employed on shore, covering the advance of the troops until the latter had time to form, and thus avail themselves of their discipline. In one of these operations, a boat's crew belonging to the admiral's ship found themselves suddenly surrounded by an overwhelming French force, whose commander ordered them to surrender, but not understanding the order, or despising it, the sailors fell upon the Frenchmen cutlass in hand, right and left, every man fighting upon his own hook. This threw the French into confusion and they retired a few paces to re-form and come to the charge, for they could not fire without killing one another; but while this was going on, Sir Sidney Smith with another boat's crew and some marines landed. They had, however, nearly a mile to run before they could reach the scene of action. The admiral's boat's crew, though only 15 in number, were opposed by 200 Frenchmen, and the force under Smith did not exceed 30. Had this small force been soldiers, it would probably have been captured without difficulty, for soldiers generally are governed by rule, but the sailors knew no rule but to fight pell-mell to the last. They mingled with the French, broke their formation again and again, wrested the levelled muskets from their immediate opponents, clubbed them on the heads or darted them like harpoons into the ranks beyond. Conspicuous among the sailors, was the gunner; his every blow brought an opponent to the ground; sometimes he dropped his cutlass and seizing an enemy by the throat strangled him. The French, unable to form in line, attempted to throw themselves into a square, and in doing so became a mob. Three of their officers had been slain by the gunner, who always made room for himself wherever he penetrated. Before Smith's force reached, the French were in complete confusion, they had lost about forty of their number; but being brave and still far superior to their opponents, stood their ground, vainly endeavouring to avail themselves of their discipline. Five of the seamen were down, before Smith arrived. His first intention was to fire, but perceiving at a glance that he might bring down some of his friends, there was no alternative left, but to fall on cutlass in hand. This the crew did with three hearty cheers. The impetuosity of the attack completely broke the French, who tried to retreat and reform at the same time, but in vain; the sailors kept among them, until at last, thoroughly disheartened, they threw down their arms and fled. The gunner, who had been the leader of the first boat's crew, continued the pursuit far ahead of his shipmates, unharmed, and actually ran down twenty of the enemy and made them prisoners, before he was supported by those in the rear. Out of 200 Frenchmen, not more than forty escaped. The rest were killed, wounded or taken prisoners by 45 seamen; but it must be borne in mind, that these 45 were the pick of the British fleet. Three of them were killed and two badly wounded.

Sir Sidney Smith, himself one of the bravest of the brave, witnessed with heroic pride the daring courage of the gunner, and sent his lieutenant to inquire his name. This lieutenant had himself fought side by side with the gunner, but was outstripped in the pursuit which followed the defeat. The gunner's clothes had been torn from his back, his very shirt was in tatters, and he was covered with blood and sand.

"My brave fellow," said the lieutenant, slapping him familiarly over the shoulder, "Sir Sidney Smith wishes to know your name, that he may report you to the Admiral."

"My name," replied the gunner, "is William Maclean; no, avast there, I'm adrift, its *Bruce*."

The lieutenant started back; he could not believe his eyes; his father stood before him and he knew him not.

"*Bruce*, did you say? and from the Orkneys?"

The gunner raised his eyes ; he knew his son, his first born, Ranald, at a glance, and the next second they were locked in each other's embrace.

Sir Sydney hastened to the spot and congratulated them upon meeting under such glorious circumstances. He subsequently reported the action in all its details to Lord Keith, who added that Bruce was his gunner and had been sent ashore in his own barge, being an excellent boatman, to survey the beach for the landing of heavy artillery, when he fell into the ambushade. He promised to reward Bruce for his distinguished conduct when the present service had been accomplished.

The British expedition was entirely successful. Lieutenant Bruce had distinguished himself upon many occasions, and was promoted to the rank of commander. When receiving his commission from the Admiral, he begged his Lordship to discharge his (Bruce's) father and give him a protection during the war, representing that the whole family had been impressed and that his mother was alone.

"Nonsense, my noble fellow, such men as your father are scarce ; the service can't spare him, he's a hero, and will yet be a post-captain, if I have any influence. He is not only brave but intelligent, and I shall appoint him forthwith to be sailing-master of one of the ships which has lost one."

To make a long yarn short, at the close of the war, the father and both sons had attained post rank and retired to the Orkney Islands. Mrs Bruce was elated beyond measure. She was now a rich lady and never tired of praising her boys. After all, she said, the house of Hanover was not so bad as she first thought it.

But notwithstanding the wealth and honour which had been acquired by the young men, they never forgave the press-gang that impressed them. The lieutenant who commanded it (we mean the Orkney press-gang), and all the others that they could reach, they publicly kicked and horsewhipped. The bitterness of their feelings when dragged from home, had never been forgotten.

THE NAME PYRENEES.—There are several explanations of this name : one that it is from the Kymric *byrin* or *byrn*, a hill ; another that it is from the Kymric *bar*, top, and *gwyn*, white. By referring to Bryce's *Gazetteer* it may be seen that this mountain-ridge stretches from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic for about 270 miles, separating France from Spain. The ridge is notched by about fifty passes, expressively called ports. Many of them are about 1000 feet lower than the top of the ridge, so that a notch 1000 feet deep has a very distinct appearance. Another *Gazetteer* speaks of the saw-like appearance of the ridge. For the consideration of the reader I offer the following etymology. If a similar guess has already been made, I am not aware of it. The word Pyrenees is from the Gaelic *bearn*, a notch, and *ais* (obsolete), a hill. According to the genius of our Celtic language, the name of the hill contains a description of its appearance. In my native Perthshire the hill of Craigiebarns stands one mile distant, sheltering from the north wind the town of Dunkeld. The top of the hill is somewhat like a ridge, is about one mile long, and runs east and west. Looking at it one sees at once that there are eight or nine large and distinct notches ; looking more carefully he sees that there are about six or eight more, becoming smaller towards the eastern end. I speak from memory. In Craigiebarns we have the word Pyrenees. Barns is *bearn*, a notch, and the final *s* is *ais* (obsolete), a hill. To a True Highlander it is amusing to be able to explain the name of a mountain-ridge 270 miles long, and 11,000 feet high, by referring to a hill one mile long, near the banks of the Tay.

Devonport, Devon.

THOMAS STRATTON.

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BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

VII. AND LAST.

TWO names deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance in connection with the preaching of the Gospel in Argyleshire—John Douglas who had laboured in word and doctrine before and at the Reformation, and John Carswell who was nominated to the office and charge of superintendent in July 1560, and who continued his labours in Argyleshire for twelve years, both of them chaplains to the Earls of Argyll. We have John Knox's testimony to the sincerity and zeal displayed by the 4th and 5th Earls in the work of Reformation, and to this must be added the testimony of Bishop Carswell. There is every reason to believe that the seeds of Reformation speedily overspread all the district of Argyleshire that came under the immediate jurisdiction of the family of Argyll, though the tree did not bud and blossom and bring forth much fruit there for long afterwards. Wodrow says, "I doubt if there was any great change to the better in that remote part of the nation till after the 1638, when, by the care of our Assemblys and the assistance of the excellent Marquis of Argyll, a very great Reformation was brought about in Argyleshire and the Isles." We have to bear in mind the difficulties with which Bishop Carswell had to contend. The country was in a lawless condition, without wholesome laws, learning, or suitable church maintenance to help him forward with the work. Above all, labourers were few. Owing to the scarcity of Protestant ministers, one minister was appointed to take charge of four or five parishes, and could do little more than preach and administer the sacraments, and the Church had to make use of a temporary class of labourers called readers and exhorters, who read the common prayers and the scriptures in churches in which there was no settled minister. Many of the churches too were annexed to Abbeys, or Religious Houses, so that their revenues were not available. The Reformation in this way had overturned the old Church, suppressed the monasteries, and unsettled men's minds, while for a long period it was powerless to administer to the spiritual wants of the community. Many churches in Argyle-

shire consequently must have been in the position of the Church of Beath, in Fifeshire, of which we read—"This kirk in some sort myght be compared to Gideon's fleece, which was dry when all the earth was watered. When all the congregations of Fife were planted, this poor kirk was neglected and overlooked, and lay desolate there fourteene years—after the Reformation eighty years—the poore parochiners being always like wandering sheep without a shepherd, and, whereas they should have convened to hear a pastoure preiche the principal cause of the people's meetings was to hear a pyper play upon the Lord's daye, which was the daye of their profane mirth, not being in the works of their calling: which was the cause that Sathan had a most fair name amongst them, stirring many of them up to dancing, playing at football, and excessive drinking, falling out and wounding one another, which was the exercise of the younger sort; and the older sort played at gems (games) and the workes of their calling without any distinction of the weeke-day from the day of the Lord." Carswell, too, seems to have met with considerable opposition from many quarters. This is only what we might reasonably expect—as Dr Miles Smith remarks in that quaint production, the Translator's preface to the authorised Translation of the Bible—"Whosoever attempteth anything for the public (especially if it pertain to religion), the same setteth himself upon a stage to be glouted upon by every evil eye, yea, he casteth himself headlong upon pikes to be gored by every sharp tongue. For he that meddleth with men's religion in any part meddleth with their custom, nay, with their freehold; and though they find no content in that which they have yet they cannot bear to hear of altering." The bards were the organs of public opinion in those days, and their sharp tongues were ever ready to expose any opponent to the scorn of the whole community in some clever squib, or satire, or lampoon. Dr Leyden says of Carswell—"The bards, whom he affected to despise, made him the subject of their satirical verses and invectives, some of which are still preserved. Many proverbs expressive of his rapacity and nigardliness are still current in that country." If the echoes of the past, however, speak true, it would appear that Carswell had enough of the wild, rollicking, Celtic humour to hold his own even with the insolent bards. Kennedy again says—"The chief

charges complained of were his severity in collecting the Tythe and suppressing immorality and violent quarrels, which frequently arose through inebrity at markets and public meetings." We have already remarked the parsimonious spirit that prevailed in the diocese—and no wonder, for the income of proprietors at that time was very scanty. We find, for instance, in the year 1542 that the rental of Macdonald, Lord of Kintyre, including Islay and Rheinds, amounted to £1663 4s 8d Scots, equal to about £138 12s sterling. Carswell had the interests of the Church at heart, and he could not further these without a provision of some kind for the maintenance of the ministry, so that all these charges of rapacity and niggardliness may be referred to his own explanation—"Howbeit I can nocht forgif to do my sobir diligens in furdurance of the Kirk."

It is well known that the Reformers held strict views as to the maintenance of Church discipline; but so far from being too severe, it would appear that he was regarded as too lenient. In his letter to Mr Campbell of Kuzeancleuch, as given by Wodrow and quoted above, Carswell says—"I communed with our brother Georg at lenth and giff he had informed you, as I informed him, and for my part offered him occasion, I believe he would have declared unto my part, for let them say what they list, my conscience will not let me use vigour but against the stubborn." As he himself says, he knew full well that there were those in the community who would "vomit scandal" against him, and that his reward for his work would be "defamation and reproach;" but none of these things moved him, and he persevered in his work. He was excused time after time for absence from the General Assembly: he seems to have preferred labouring in a quiet and unostentatious manner in his own diocese to mingling in the stirring scenes that were enacted at Court and in the General Assembly. He did take a public and prominent part in the tragical events which mark the latter end of Queen Mary's reign. He was elected one of the Lords of the Articles at the Parliament of April 16th, 1567, and signed the bond at Ainslie's: he signed the bond for her defence, on her escape from Lochleven, at Hamilton, on May 8th, 1568; and perhaps few of his countrymen would blame him for doing what he could for the daughter of the line of their ancient kings. In their eyes, as in his, she

was "the most powerful Queen Marie, Queen of Alban." He may have met her within the bounds of his own diocese, for she is said to have indulged in the pleasures of the hunt in Argyleshire, and he may have witnessed with grief the defeat of her royal forces at Langside; but though his countrymen were defeated on that memorable day, his loyalty did not waver, to one who has been eulogised as—

The noblest of the Stuart race, the fairest earth^h has seen,

for we find him present once more at the Convention of Estates, held at Perth, in July 1569, to consider proposals in favour of Queen Mary.

Carswell's claim to the Bishopric of the Isles and the Abbey of Icolmkil' seems to have been disputed, for we find a Mr Lauchlane Makclane promising, on the 21st May 1567, that "he sall nevir vex nor molest the said Maistir Johnne on the peciable brouking and possiding of the said Bishopric and utheris his benefices." Though it was his lot thus to meet with much opposition, and to have his name tossed upon men's tongues, it redounds to his credit that his name became a household word in the West Highlands, and he was not unknown in the more distant Islands of Skye and Lewis. In an age of exceptionally tall men, and amongst a race who have been always remarkable for height—for J. F. Campbell says that "a London drawing-room is the only place in Europe where a race of men better grown than West Highland gentlemen is to be met"—Carswell's height was proverbial, and his frame seems to have been equal to any amount of physical endurance. He is said to have lived to an advanced age, and to have died at his residence of Carnassary, in the summer or early autumn of 1572. The day of interment is still memorable, and there is a saying current about it, "Cha d' thainig a leithid bho latha adhlaic a Charsalaich" (There has not been the like since Carswell's funeral day). His remains, according to his own express desire, were taken to the Priory of *Ardchattan*, about forty miles distant. Such was the weight of the corpse, and the violence of the storm that prevailed, that the vast assemblage who attended his funeral had occasion to remember it ever afterwards. In that quiet retreat, then, under the shadow of the lofty Ben Cruachan, by the gleaming waters of

Loch Etive, his countrymen, who had borne his bier on their shoulders, consigned to his last resting-place John Carswell. He may have received part of his education from the Cistercian Monks (of the rule of St Benedict, as it was followed in the parent institution of Burgundy, Vallis Caulium), whose quiet cloister at Ardchattan served as a retreat to all who loved mediæval civilisation and monastic repose in those dark, unsettled times, and whose fraternity vied with their brethren of the Priors of Beaulieu and Pluscardine, all of them founded about the year 1230, in doing what they could to keep alive religion and civilisation and truth amongst their wild neighbours. In this secluded but picturesque spot, then, where mix the ashes of many a labourer of unquestioned piety, who did what he could to dispel the gloom of the night, rests John Carswell.

Bishop Carswell is said to have been twice married; first, to a daughter of Hamilton of Hall Craig, and second, to a Margaret Campbell. His son Archibald was Laird of Carnassary; and we read of a Christian, sister of Archibald Carswell of Carnassary, and John Campbell, her son. Though there is no positive evidence, she seems to be the CRISTIANE .C., wife of Bishop Neil Campbell, whose son, John Campbell, succeeded his father as Bishop of Argyle. The lands of Carnassary continued for some time the inheritance of the family. Archibald was succeeded by his son Neil, but by 1671 the property seems to have changed hands, as John, the son of Neil Carswell, is no longer styled of Carnassary. There is a tradition of a son of Bishop Carswell, "who," says Kennedy, "it appears had caught the prevailing vices of the age, *i.e.*, idleness, arrogance, quarrelling, and drunkenness." His father composed many hymns to him, embodying counsels and advices likely to wean him from his profligate ways, but his son refused to listen to the voice of the charmer charming never so wisely in that strain; and his father then composed several humorous pieces, fragments of which still survive; and it is said that the play of his father's wit and irony, and pungent sarcasm, did more to cure him of his vices than all his good counsels. In the year 1572 we find a Master Donald Carswell resigning the Rectory of Kilmartin into the hands of Archibald, the patron. He afterwards re-appears as Vicar of Kilmartin and Vicar of Inishail. He was a student of St Leonard's, St Andrews,

in 1554, and took his degree of B.A. in 1558, and seems to have been a brother of Bishop Carswell. There was another brother, Malcolm, Bailie of Craignish.

John Carswell's name does not appear as a link in the "unbroken chain of apostolic succession;" he was only a nominal and titular Bishop, having never been canonically consecrated. Be that as it may, he was recognised in his day as the apostle of the West Highlands. The violent storm which marked the day of his interment was the precursor of the stormy ordeal through which Scotland had to pass for more than a century after his death. Much of his good work perished, but there is every reason to believe that his translation of Knox's Liturgy, and the translation of Calvin's Catechism, also attributed to him, prepared the way for the great Reformation which was effected in Argyleshire in 1638. The student of ecclesiastical history knows the name of several worthy of an honourable mention in reforming and planting the Church in Argyleshire, but the name of Carswell has been cherished in the traditions of his countrymen; and though the breath of calumny has attempted to mar his fair name, a grateful posterity can form a truer estimate of his character and worth. He was the first to let in the light of the Truth into the surrounding darkness, the first to introduce his countrymen to the Gospel in their mother tongue. He made his appeal not merely to the Celts in Scotland, but also to the Celts of Ireland, and both owe Carswell a debt of remembrance and thankfulness for a patriotic effort to minister to their spiritual wants; and it is certain that if those who succeeded him had exercised the same judgment, had displayed the same industry and faithfulness, and been animated by the same spirit as Carswell, the atmosphere of both countries would have been long ago purified from every breath of feeling alien to civilisation and Christianity. But it is a sad evidence of the want of learning or zeal on the part of those who were at the time of the Reformation entrusted with the message of the Gospel to our Celtic countrymen in Scotland and Ireland, that Carswell alone showed a spirit worthy of the times, when

Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God
Ere yet an island of the seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trod;

and that he alone felt that the most powerful weapon towards the conversion and reformation of his countrymen was to give them the Scriptures in their mother tongue. As he says, "A large amount of the want of knowledge and the ignorance of those of whom I have already spoken arise from a want of faithful teaching among us, and of a good book which men could understand generally in their own tongue and in their own native Gaelic language." Much as we may grieve, however, that those who came after him were so slow to build upon the foundation which he laid, and to perfect the work which he commenced, the Celts of Scotland and Ireland cannot fail to revere and hold in everlasting remembrance the author of the first Gaelic book ever printed—the GREAT CARSWELL.

CONTRACT OF FOSTERAGE

Between George Campbell of Airds on the one part, and Donald Dow M'Ewin and Rose, his spouse, on the other part, 1665.

AT Keilchallumkill, the aucht day of December 1665 years, it is condiscendid and aggreit upon betwix George Campbell of Airds, on the one part, and Donald Dow M'Ewin, in Ardmastill, and Roiss N'Odochardie, his spouse, on the other part, as follows:— To witt, forsamekle as the said George Campbell gives in fostering to the said Donald and his said spouse, Isobell Campbell, his lawful dochter, for the space of seavin yeiris from Beltane nixt; lykas the said George Campbell gives, grants, and dispones to the said Issabell, as *M'heliff*, tua new calfit kyne, with ane calf and ane stirk of ane yeir old, with ane tua yeir old quey, and that at Beltane next, with ane uther tua yeir old quey at Beltane, 1667 yeiris: Lykeas the said Donald and his said spous gives, grants, and dispones to their said foster tua farrow kyne, with ane stirk and ane tua yeir old quey, at the said term of Beltane nixt, and ane uther tua yeir old quey at Beltane, 1667 years. Quhilkis haill kyne, with thair incres salbe in the custodie of the said Donald and his said spous during the said space of seavin yeiris; the milk of the said kyne to belong to the foster father, and the incres of the cattell to the said Issobell, being ane calf betwix tua new calfit kyne: Item, the said George Campbell is

to grass the yeald kyne yeirlie, yf the said Donald have not sufficient pasturage for them: And siclyke, it sal be in the optioun of the said George Campbell, at the expiring of the thrie first yeiris of the said seavin yeiris, to tak back the said chyld for hireducation, or othirwayes to latt her remaine with hir said foster father; at the quhilk tyme of hir removall, it sall be in the said Donald's optioun to delyver back the said kyne with thair incres, or otherwayes to detaine them in his custodie till the expyryng of the said seavin yeiris: And siclyke the said Donald and his spous oblisses thame to grass and heard the saidis kowes with thair followeris sufficientlie, and to give ane account of their incres yeirlie, to be market to the behalf of the chyld. And mairover, for the love and affection quhilk they have towards their said foster, and also for other gude considerations moving thame, the said Donald Dow and also the said Roiss, ylkane of thame for thair awin pairtis, sells and dispoines, without recalling, to the said Issobell Campbell their foster, ane bairn's pairt and portioun naturall of thair haill guidis and geir whatsomevir, quhilk sall pertain to thame the tyme of thair deceis, siclyke as if she war thair awin lawful chyld: Provyding alwayes, that in cais the said Donald and his said spous depart out of this life without children procreat of thair awin bodies surviving thame, in that cais it sall be lesum to thame at thair deceiss to nominat and appoint aither of thame ane *dilapach* allanerlie to succede to thame, in ane equall portioun with thair said foster, and heirto they ar oblist in the most sure form of obligatioun, &c., &c.

DEATH OF DONALD ROSS.—We regret to learn from the Halifax (Nova Scotia) *Telegraph* that Mr Donald Ross, well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his warm interest in his Highland countrymen, and everything pertaining to their history, literature, and social position, died at his residence, Celtic Cottage, Dartmouth, N.S., on Saturday, the 26th of August last. Mr Ross, before he emigrated to Nova Scotia, took a very active and successful part in obtaining relief for the West Coast Highlanders, during and after the potato famine, from 1845 to 1851. He published several valuable pamphlets, now very rare, giving an account of the proceedings of that period in the West Highlands and Islands, including a graphic description of the Evictions in Knoydart, and in the Isle of Skye, and in other places. He was highly esteemed by Scotsmen, and indeed by all who knew him in his adopted country. When in better circumstances, his hospitality was unbounded, especially to the officers and men of the Highland regiments that were at times quartered in the City of Halifax. He was for many years a leading and respected member of the patriotic North British Benefit Society. The *Telegraph* informs us that "he will be long remembered as one of the principal organisers of the Scotch Volunteers (of Nova Scotia) some 23 years ago." When in the Dominion, a few years ago, we found him all that we have said of him, and much more; and his letters of introduction were excellent passports to the leading Scotsmen of Nova Scotia wherever we presented them.

MR FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

A DEPUTATION from the Highland Land Law Reform Association waited upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., in the Royal Hotel, Inverness, on Saturday, the 9th of September, with reference to the necessity of energetic action in Parliament in favour of special inquiry into the crofter question by Royal Commission. The deputation consisted of the Rev. John Mactavish, F.C.; the Rev. Charles Macebourn, E.C.; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Inverness; Councillor Stuart, do.; Messrs John Macdonald, merchant; William Gunn, draper; John Whyte; Duncan Mactavish, commission agent; Alexander Macbain, M.A., rector, Raining's School; and Mr J. Fraser, commission agent. Councillor Charles Mackay, Councillor Elliot, and Mr Colin Chisholm were unavoidably absent in consequence of other engagements.

Councillor Mackay sent a letter in which he strongly advocated the views of the Association, and urged upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh the importance of advocating them in his place in Parliament. As regarded the objects the Association had in view, Councillor Mackay said that every day made it more clear that something must be done to put an end to the present insecure position of the crofters, for, he said, they had no inducement to improve their holdings, but have rather been driven to feel that any improvements which they made would be the cause of their being driven all the sooner from their holdings, or to have their rents raised in consequence of their own efforts; and this feeling was intensified owing to the frequent changes in the ownership of landed property in the Highlands. It was quite evident that this state of matters retarded the prosperity of the country in many ways, and was much against the interest of the proprietors themselves as well as of their tenants. The resources of the country were undeveloped and production checked. Councillor Mackay gave several illustrations of the accuracy of his contention, and concluded by a strong appeal to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh to act in such a firm and active manner on this question as would justify the application to him more than ever of "The Friend of the Highlanders."

The Rev. Mr Mactavish said he was very much grieved to reflect how very insecure the tenure was of the smaller tenants of land in the Highlands. They were at the mercy, not merely of landlords, commissioners, or factors, but of people in inferior positions—ground officers. Then, again, a very few men held almost the whole of the land in Scotland, and if these chose to exercise what he understood to be their full legal powers, they could evict nine-tenths of the rural population of the country. This was a state of matters that ought no longer to be tolerated. The alterations, however, that they wished to bring about ought to be brought about in a quiet and orderly manner, but decided action in the interest of the Highland people was urgently demanded.

Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, followed, strongly impressing upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh to lose no opportunity of getting the question properly discussed in Parliament, and moving for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the whole subject, with a view to future legislation. While it was absolutely necessary to move within the Constitution inside and outside the House, an agitation throughout the country in favour of reform was made imperative by the reply recently made by the Lord-Advocate to Mr Macfarlane. In the discussion which took place on that occasion, the remarks made by the Lord-Advocate clearly showed that there was not, on the part of the Government, the simplest acknowledgement of the existence of any grievance. Those who, like Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, knew the present state of the Highlands, could not

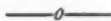
but be astounded at the position thus taken, and the earliest opportunity ought to be taken of bringing the true state of matters under the attention of Parliament.

Dean of Guild Mackenzie, hon. secretary of the Association, stated as evidence of the representative character of the Highland Land Law Reform Association, that a majority of the Town Council of Inverness were on its roll of membership, and consequently it might be taken as expressing the convictions of a large proportion of the inhabitants. Further, however, he was satisfied that they represented a strong and growing feeling all over the country, and especially in the large towns where people did not speak with the same reserve as naturally characterised their utterances in the country districts. In fact, it was a question which members of Parliament and owners of property would shortly have to face in a serious manner. It was also one which ought to be treated without regard to party politics. He urged upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh the wisdom of viewing it as such, and reminded him that it was as an independent member that he had entered Parliament. The time had passed for any half-hearted action, for unless something were done, he feared the people would themselves take to the settling of the question, and no one could predict the consequences. At all events there was looming in the near future a general movement throughout the Highlands on behalf of more equitable relations between landlord and tenant that would surprise their friends. He strongly urged upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh the duty of taking resolute action in the Crofter cause, even at the risk of making himself disagreeable to the powers that be, and whether the initiative were taken by Irishmen or Scotchmen, he hoped that he (Mr Fraser-Mackintosh) would be willing and ready to give it his unflinching support. It was doubly important that a man like Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, so intimately acquainted with all the history and details of the question, should be at the post of duty, in order to refute such astounding mis-statements as had been made in the recent discussion by the Lord Advocate and Mr Ramsay. He called Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's attention to the statement of the Lord-Advocate recently made in reply to himself in the House of Commons, which was now found to be in direct opposition to the "facts" as sworn to by Lord Macdonald's representatives in their petition for Suspension and Interdict in the case of the Braes crofters. His Lordship's statement in reply to Mr Macfarlane, would, the Dean held, be found as wide of the real facts of the case as his misleading reply to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh. The Lord-Advocate seemed to have been singularly unfortunate hitherto in his sources of information on all questions connected with the Highlands, and truth appeared to be the last thing his correspondents thought of in connection with the Crofter question. He assured Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of their loyalty to himself, and of the certainty that in energetic action in this cause he should carry with him the unanimous approval of the Highland people and of Scotland generally.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, in reply, thanked them for their observations, and expressed his concurrence with their views. He intimated at length his own ideas on the position of the crofters, and explained how he had been unable to secure a first place for the discussion of the matter in the late session. He intended to ballot for a place next session, and would support any other member who secured a first place; and he further stated that the incomplete and consequently unsatisfactory discussion which had taken place last month made it more necessary than ever that the question be thoroughly ventilated and action taken. Events now occurring rendered inquiry imperative, and the sooner Government recognised the gravity of the situation the better it would be for all interested.

On the motion of Councillor Stuart, the thanks of the deputation was tendered to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh.

D R U M C L O G.



PART I.

THE EVENING CONVENTICLE 'MID THE HILLS.

"Lo! these are they from sufferings great."

It was the time of Scotland's Covenant-cause,
 When Scotland's sons for Scotland's sake withstood
 The furious legions of Oppression's laws,
 And ruthless rage of men, a devils' brood,
 Whose dark commissions tyrants sealed with blood;
 And sent them forth filled with religious hate
 And cruelty, a death-leagued multitude
 Of hireling Scots, who warred as fiends elate,
 And left behind them names in murder truly great.

O! 'twas a glorious sight when peasants rude,
 In war unskilled, to feats of arms untrained,
 Sought the bleak moor or mountain solitude,
 To worship God with conscience unconstrained,
 Or sing the songs that Freedom's sons maintained;
 True to their cause, and counting not the cost,
 Their native valour every foe disdained,
 'Twas theirs to dare the life-destroying host,
 That Liberty might be their own and children's boast.

In murky glens or rocky mountain sides
 (Where ghostly visitants at nights are seen,
 And Silence in her majesty presides),
 The sons of men, deep-bearded, haggard, lean,
 Uncouth in raggedness, and wild in mien,
 Gathered by stealth, and bearing trusty swords,
 In some secluded spot the hills between,
 To feed their souls upon their preacher's words,
 And cheer their drooping hearts with joy which strength affords.

Were these men human? Yes, their hearts were stirred,
 Tears filled the fiery eyes of old and young,
 The babe forsook the breast as loud was heard
 Their solemn melodies from suffering wrung;
 The lonely mountains far the echoes flung,
 And Heaven rejoiced to hear the earnest strain
 So wildly sweet, so deeply plaintive sung;
 Then from those hills strange voices spake again,
 And bade them bear the Cross and deem it not in vain.

Behind a moss-grown stone their preacher stood,
 With arms outspread on high arose his prayer,
 His heavenward gaze with holy light imbued,
 Paled the wan rays that tipped his silvery hair,—
 A sun of Hope 'mid darkest clouds of care;
 No wild revenge he breathed on ruthless foes,
 No tones of one were heard as in despair,
 No God-upbraiding from his heart arose,
 By faith and trust in Him he found his soul-repose.

By the dim glimmer of a rush-light'he
 With glowing fervour read the sacred page,—
 How Christ once gained gives blest eternity,
 Or how His love can earthly griefs assuage
 And still the tempest of their foemen's rage.
 Fired with the theme, his words their bosoms burned,
 And strengthened timid youth and daring age,
 Then clasping hands, their tearful eyes they turned
 To Heaven, and blest the cause for which they life had spurned.

Again a hymn is heard wild-ringing, clear,
 Again its echoes pierced heaven's mighty dome :
 See ! from yon knoll, fast-speeding like a deer,
 Their watcher flew, and cried, " They come ! They come !"
 Shall these men now to cowardice succumb ?
 No, no ! With courage high they grasped their swords,
 While wives and daughters for a moment dumb,
 Cry out, " Stand fast ! we'll fight the cruel hordes !"
 Above their shouts were heard the preacher's wiser words :

" Flee to the caves ! O saints ! Disperse, disperse !
 Th' oppressor's greedy brand is gleaming nigh,
 On Murder's pinions fast is borne Claverse,
 Up to your rocky dens, Away ! Quick ! Fly !
 To-night no blood shall on the heather lie,
 We'll baffle them and view their wild dismay
 From our safe-hiding habitations high,
 Their disappointed steel shall find no prey ;
 Quick to the hills again ! Men ! Women ! Why delay !"

Swift to obey his voice their swords were sheathed,
 And fast the helpless ones were upward led
 By secret mountain-paths, whose crests cloud-wreathed
 Obscured their lessening forms as on they sped
 Towards their caves, where, banishing their dread,
 Each one a prayer poured with joyful breath,
 Then sought repose upon a heathery bed ;
 No sounds arose, and all was hushed as death,
 While wary outposts watched the silent glen beneath,

Rest on the mountain heaven-protecting cloud !
 Beneath your misty vestment sleeping lay
 A world-forsaken, haggard, starving crowd
 Of Scotland's sons, who dared a tyrant's sway,
 And fearless flung his conscience-chains away ;
 Yea, gave their blood for Liberty's dear sake,
 To hasten on its all triumphant day,
 When men from slavish lethargy would wake,
 And laws and empires from their old foundations shake.

They came ! They came ! Hark ! 'Twas the neigh of steeds,
 Commingled with the clank of horsemen steeled ;
 It was the band renowned for cruel deeds,
 Led by the captain who full oft revealed
 The fiendish nature which his face concealed.
 On, on he came, and watchfully surveyed,
 And oft his steed with sudden movement wheeled,
 Then flew along the hills with lightning tread,
 Bearing its ruthless burden—Scotland's Renegade.

Claverse ! a name pronounce it how you will,
 There is a harshness in its very sound,
 Which grates upon the ear and bodes of ill,
 No softness in its syllables is found,
 All is unlovely, cold, and iron-bound ;
 Strange that the name should suit so passing well
 A man for blood and cruelty renowned,
 Whose unrelenting heart was but a hell
 In which the orphans' cries and tears unheeded fell.

Away ye sophists who with gentle words
 Would gloss stern facts or paint a fiendish fame
 With hues unreal. Oh ! it ill accords
 That Scotland's sons, if proud of Scotland's name,
 Should deify the murder-laurelled Graham ;
 Who from a murderer would a hero make,
 Commits himself into the murderer's shame ;
 Who dares not Truth from Justice' balance take,
 Is false to God and man for ideal hero-sake.

As the fierce tiger in his midnight prow,
 Upon a quivering shadow sudden springs,
 And back recoils with disappointment's growl,
 From the void thing that to the earth yet clings—
 So Claverse halted 'mid low murmurings
 Of pleasure from his men, whose hands upon
 Their scabbards fell with deadly clatterings ;
 Each sabre flashed, then stealing slowly on,
 No sounds were in the glen ! Nothing ! Their prey was gone.

Now up, now down, then o'er the silent heath,
 The thwarted troopers singly on careered,
 And bitter curses rose from every breath,
 And swords seemed heavy since no foe they neared,
 Their panting steeds dispirited appeared ;
 They scanned the hills that round them darkly gloomed,
 Nought save low, strange, aerial sounds they heard,
 The trailing clouds as chiding spirits loomed,
 Then ranked again they all their bloodless march resumed.

Dejected, damp, and moon-forsaken, they
 The pangs of soldier-disappointment bore,
 Their imprecations, spurred by lack of prey,
 Disturbed the calmness which their leader wore,
 Who well could hide what rankled at the core ;
 On in the deepening darkness, wary, slow,
 Cheered by their Captain, who half-smiling swore—
 " That ere the moon should twice full visage show,
 This night would be revenged, their swords would smite the foe."

PART II.

THE MORNING CONVENTICLE AT DRUMCLOG.

" God is our refuge and our strength."

Scotland ! if aught of thy loved soil is dear,
 Or doubly sacred to the Scottish heart,
 'Tis where thy peasant sons with sword and spear
 Embattled dared a tyrant's cruel art,
 And well performed the ever glorious part,
 That Freedom from their deeds and blood might spring
 In all the glory which can love impart,
 And to their country those bright laurels bring
 Which round her honoured name in deathless beauty cling.

Mark ye this dreary, bleak, and moss-grown waste,
 Where sparsely blooms the hardy heather-bell,
 Naked and desolate, 'tis all ungraced
 With aught to stir Enchantment's songful spell,
 Ah, yet 'tis beautiful. Here pealed a knell
 Which tyrants heard, and conscience-fetters rent,
 Here Scotland's Covenanters fought and fell,
 Here Freedom's mighty shout to Heaven was sent—
 This is Drumclog ! the name its storied monument.

Bright rose the sun that June's first Sabbath morn,
 And softly stole the shrouding mists that lay
 As night's cold garments, by the grasses worn,
 On which great dew-drops hung in bright array,
 Sparkling their welcomes to the god of day ;
 Peace, as a gentle queen with sceptre mild,
 Ruled the expanse with undisturbed sway,
 And hummed the voiceless music of the wild,
 To which fair Nature slept as soundly as a child,

Portentous calm was brooding o'er the scene,
 The cheery lark e'en songless upward flew
 From his lone nest in some oasis green ;
 The burdened air no playful breathings blew
 To shake the reed or modest blue-bell woo ;
 The spell of dire events foreboding lay
 Upon the silent plain, and deadlier grew,
 As swiftly passed that memorable day,
 Which yet would hear the roar and clash of bloody fray.

From distant hamlet and from lonely cot
 Came peasants armed, broad-bonnetted, and bold ;
 Firm o'er the moor they trod, their steps were not
 The coward's timid gait, but young and old
 Bore heads erect, while every eye foretold
 Their cause was righteous and brave men required,
 Its sacredness and honour to uphold ;
 These were the men by lofty aims inspired,
 And every heart by faith to daring deeds aspired.

Mothers and children, too, were journeying there,
 And stalwart fathers with their sons sedate,
 And modest-clad, light-springing maidens fair
 Marched in the beauty of their simple state ;
 They were a motley crowd, a gathering great,
 Met on the far-extending silent moor.
 What impulse did their unity create ?
 What inward promptings did their hearts allure ?
 It was—To worship God—in their own fashion pure.

And dauntless spirits, mounted, cantered past,
 Bright were their eyes, and 'neath their bonnets blue
 Their rugged lineaments in valour cast
 Shone with determination sternly true ;
 Each was a Scot who never danger knew,
 They were Christ's warriors, and for Him braved
 All foes and laws that would His laws subdue,
 'Twas naught to them tho' Persecution raved,
 While they could bow the knee with conscience unenslaved.

Rough-chiselled Burley* rode with fearless look,
 A hardy nursling of the Scottish soil,
 Whose honest heart no priestly thrall could brook,
 Or from the simple truth its trust beguile,
 And whose keen blade few enemies could foil ;
 Plain in his speech, in judgment cool and clear,
 Quick in resource in conflict's dread turmoil,
 Dreaded by foes, by every friend held dear,
 He was a man to lead, to counsel, and to cheer.

* John Balfour of Burley, a daring soldier, who fought at Drumclog and at Bothwell Bridge
 He was the principal actor in Archbishop Sharp's murder.

There doughty Hackstoun,* rugged, gnarled, and rude,
Fast trotted on and reached th' assembled throng;
A Scot of Scots, whose soldier attitude
And iron features, as he dashed along,
Inspired each heart anew with courage strong;
Fear fled before the daring fighter's eye,
All felt a hero did to them belong,
On whom they could in danger's hour rely,
And show them how to fight or for the Covenant die.

No Sabbath bell the deep quiescence stirred,
The peaceful heavens in sunny splendour glowed,
The crowd was hushed, nor voice nor sound was heard,
The steeds stood still, the riders meekly bowed,
With heads uncovered all attention showed;
Then saintly Douglas rose to preach The Word,
Each heart with love intense for him o'erflowed,
"Come let us sing," he said, "to God our Lord,"
Then "Judah's Land"† rang out from souls in one accord.

Their hymn was sung, and while its echoes died
Amid the hills as some despairing moan,
Upon the heath, in silence, side by side
All knelt, save one who stood divinely lone;
With clasped hands and upturned face that shone
With paleness sorrowful, calm Douglas seemed
Amid his flock an angel from God's throne
To comfort sufferers by Christ's blood redeemed,
Then as his prayer arose his face more sweetly beamed.

His heart in no mere word-profession lay,
His Rock of faith was Christ's foundation sure,
His Christ-taught love was void of worldly sway,
His words were fraught with truths of sweetness pure,
Which from his hearers' hearts could sin allure;
He ceased his prayer in tones impassioned, wild,
Beseeching all, their trials to endure,
And firmer to The Cause be reconciled,
For all was gain to those whose faith was undefiled.

Refreshed, renewed, with comfort in each look,
And reverential air they one by one
Rose from the sod, then from the Hallowed Book
The preacher read, and had his theme begun
With fervour rapt— Hark! What is that! A gun!
Then hearts stand still, then gleaming eyes are strained,
From Calder Hill the wary watchers run,
"They come! they come!" they cry, now is ordained
The Covenanters' tale of Drumclog fought and gained.

* Hackstoun of Rathillet, the defender of Bothwell Bridge at the battle of that name.

† Psalm lxxvi. This was the favourite hymn of the Covenanters.

PART III.
THE BATTLE.

"Deliver me from mine enemies."

The steeds pricked up their ears and swords were grasped,
No craven hearts were there tho' pale each face,
The husband, by the timid wife enclasped,
Drew forth his blade and spurned the loved embrace,
And bade her think on Scotland ! and Disgrace !
Obedient to commands, with ready zeal
Each man essayed to hold the foremost place,
Determined that their foes that day would feel
That peasants could be men when armed with Justice' steel.

Hackstoun was swift to second Burley's skill,
It was the day when giants were required,
The wives were rearward placed upon the hill,
Their husbands stood in front as men inspired,
Each arm was bared and grasped a blade unhired ;
Thus formed behind a watery morass,
Which was by Nature treacherously attired,
They saw no foe the sure defence could pass,
Tho' Claverse led them on they could him well harass.

A slender line of boors, and on their flanks
A clump of horsemen armed with sword and spear,
A few old matchlocks scattered thro' the ranks,
While weeping wives and children formed their rear.
Did these men fight ? Aye, well ! they knew no fear,
Tho' steel-clad troopers came in war array,
All well-skilled in a slaughtering career ;
For Liberty assailed, ere closed that day
As furies they would fight and glory in the fray.

There were no cowards in their silent front,
The firm-set lips and flashing eyes foretold
That Victory would smile, as she is wont,
On those who would a righteous cause uphold ;
Within their breasts tumultuously rolled
The pent-up fires of persecution's hate,
Which soon would burst with fury uncontrolled
Upon their foes, who galloping elate
Beheld th' embattled crowd and longed to seal their fate.

On, on the glittering squadrons forward dashed,
The melancholy Claverse in command,
From front to rear like sudden lightning flashed
A willing sabre in each willing hand,
A stream of light magnificently grand ;
Invincible they seemed as on they came,
Proud of the might no weaker foe could stand,
Inured to conflicts of inglorious fame,
They forward pressed as those who victory would claim.

They halted suddenly, then from their van
 A soldier's etiquette was e'en essayed,
 "Down with your arms! Surrender ye each man!"
 The Covenanters heard but unbayed,
 And smiling with derision undismayed,
 No voice replied unto the haughty sound,
 But each renewed his grasp upon his blade,
 And firmer pressed his foot upon the ground,
 Then waited the attack with calmness most profound.

They watched the troopers wheeling into line,
 They heard their vengeful oaths and taunting cries,
 Yet from their lips escaped nor sound nor sign,
 Which Claverse marked with feelings of surprise;
 Before his ranks were formed, loud to the skies
 Their grand old war-hymn burst from every tongue;
 His startled horsemen heard the wild notes rise,
 And jeered the men who thus before them sung
 A song to Him above on whom they fondly clung.

No bugle sound the dreaded signal blew,
 The word was given! one shout was heard! and o'er
 The fatal heath the spur-pricked chargers flew,
 Noiseless, yet terrible, and swiftly bore
 A gleaming line of steel athirst for gore;
 Majestic, furious, on they madly dashed,
 And reckoned not the ground that lay before,
 Steeds! swords! and hauberks! in an instant crashed,
 And yells of rage arose as Death before them flashed.

Down in the yielding morass, down they went,
 A floundering mass, inextricably coiled,
 Rider and horse in dire confusion blent,
 'Gainst which the rear with dreadful shock recoiled,
 And helplessly beheld their comrades foiled;
 Above the roar calm Burley's orders pealed,
 "The sword of Gideon hath our foes despoiled,
 Fire on them now! to-day their pride shall yield,"
 Then fast the messengers of death sped o'er the field.

"On with the sword!" the mighty Hackstoun cried,
 And foremost leading rushed upon the foe,
 His deadly blade with fearful zeal he plied,
 And gleaming morions gaped with every blow,
 Which crashing laid the struggling horsemen low;
 Fierce as a lion, still the fight he waged,
 Then like a torrent's dark, resistless flow,
 His brethren in the awful strife engaged,
 And long and loud the roar of battle wildly raged.

Now o'er their comrades dead the troopers leapt,
 The steed of Claverse led the gory way,
 Amid the hero-band unharm'd he swept,
 While deeds of courage graced his sword that day,
 And almost kept the enemy at bay ;
 Unwavering still the Covenanters stood,
 And fought like demons whom no power could stay,
 Sword rang on sword, men fell on men, and blood
 Lay on the ground in pools or ran a reeking flood.

The dreadful carnage reigned, and groans of death
 Rang loudly o'er the dead-encumbered plain,
 The frenzied women shrieked or held their breath,
 As fathers fell no more to rise again,
 Or wounded, writhed in agonising pain ;
 The weeping children closed their eyes with fear,
 The daughters cried to Heaven and not in vain,
 Above the din burst Nisbet's* thundering cheer,
"Ho! loup the ditch and tak' the sodgers in the rear."

Fast o'er the ditch by blood-stained Burley led,
 The peasant horsemen passed and swiftly wheeled,
 Then forward all impetuously sped,
 And charged the foe, who in disorder reeled
 Beneath the shock which now their fate had sealed ;
 Hemmed by a wall of steel their deeds were nought,
 Before, behind, they fell upon the field,
 Then every one with desperation fought,
 And thro' the serried ranks a way of safety sought.

The day was lost ! and o'er the gory heath
 The scatheless Claverse led his flying few,
 Nor gazed behind, nor gave his charger breath,
 Till far beyond the Covenanters' view,
 Who prone to fight were powerless to pursue ;
 No laurels decked his gloomy, frowning brow,
 Defeat's fierce disappointment pierced him through,
 While martyrs' shadows hovered round him now,
 And scornfully smiled upon the murderer stricken low.

'Twas thus the Covenanters fought and bled,
 'Twas thus they stood for Christ as warriors brave,
 'Twas thus they loved the Cause they boldly wed,
 'Twas thus they dared the scaffold and the grave,
 And for His sake their dearest treasures gave ;
 O Scotland ! while thy name in history towers,
 And while thy mountains stand and tempests rave,
 Be proud of those who stood 'gainst tyrant powers,
 That we may glory in the Freedom which is ours.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

* Nisbet of Hardsill, a sturdy farmer, who in the heat of the battle rode up and saw at a glance how it could be won, hence his cry, "Loup the ditch."

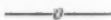
PROFESSOR BLACKIE, MR A. RUSSELL WALLACE, THE SELLAR FAMILY, AND THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES.

MOST people are aware that one of the leading agents in the great Sutherland clearances of sixty years ago was Mr Sellar—the father or grandfather of the new member for the Haddington Burghs; of Professor Sellar, of Edinburgh; and of Mr P. P. Sellar, the well-known sheep farmer. This Mr Sellar was tried on a criminal charge or charges in connection with these clearances before the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Inverness in 1816, and was “honourably acquitted.” One Donald Macleod thereafter wrote a book entitled “Gloomy Memories of Sutherland,” which has become a sort of authority on the clearance question, and in it his remarks about Mr Sellar are anything but flattering. Professor Blackie, basing some of his “facts” on this authority, made statements in “Altavona” which are said to have given great offence to the present race of Sellars. It is indeed stated that legal proceedings were threatened. In any case, a second edition of “Altavona” has appeared with the allusions to Mr Sellar materially softened (compare pages 278 to 281 in both editions). In the second edition we are told that the quotations from Macleod are not made with the view of inculpating any one engaged in the clearances. With regard to the trial, Professor Blackie has the following in the second edition on page 281, instead of a somewhat stronger statement on the same page in the first edition:—“The person charged with the crime was acquitted, and of course I make no charge against him; but the fact of the Clearances remains, and in my opinion they were a social crime and a blunder, for which the English land laws are principally to blame.” Another gentleman who appears to have given even greater offence to the descendants of Mr Sellar is Mr Alfred R. Wallace, who recently published a book on the “Nationalisation of Land.” Mr Wallace, who appears to have based his remarks about Sellar on Mr Alexander Mackenzie’s pamphlet on the “Highland Clearances,” is obliged to re-write some pages of his book, the sale of which is in the meantime stopped! Mr Mackenzie’s pamphlet (which has not been interdicted), is now out of print, but we are informed that he is about to re-publish it, with further quotations from Macleod on the same subject.—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

[What Mr Alexander Mackenzie is preparing for publication is a new edition of Donald Macleod’s “Gloomy Memories,” so far as that work refers to the “Sutherland Clearances,” with the additional information given in his own pamphlet, considerably extended, regarding the Glengarry, Strathglass, Kintail, Glenelg, Skye, Uist, Barra, Coigeach, Lochcarron, Breadalbane, Argyll, and other evictions in the Highlands since the battle of Culloden to the present year. Mr A. R. Wallace, though professedly basing his remarks about the Sutherland evictions on Mr Mackenzie’s pamphlet, has adopted phraseology for which the author of the pamphlet is not responsible. The sensitiveness shown by the Sellars in connection with the History of the Sutherland evictions is a happy sign of the times. They inherit an unfortunate name, and on this score they deserve the most generous consideration.—ED. C. M.]

THIS number concludes the seventh yearly volume of the *Celtic Magazine*. It was never so prosperous, in all respects, as it is at the present moment. Our object is to make it a mirror of all phases of Celtic literature and Highland opinion, being as it now is the sole organ of the Scoto-Celtic race.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME GORDON.



CENTURIES ago Scotland was infested with wild boars, which increased so fast, and became so dangerous to the lieges, that the King issued a proclamation offering a reward to whoever should produce at the Court the head of a newly killed boar. This inducement, coupled with the excitement and danger consequent on hunting these ferocious animals, made it the favourite sport of the young men of the time. Among the most eager of the hunters was the young laird of Lochinvar; but he had a double incentive to exert himself, for he was not only a keen and fearless sportsman, but was also deeply enamoured with fair Margaret Scott, and thereby hangs a tale.

Margaret was the only daughter and heiress of Sir James Scott, a fiery-tempered old knight, whose estate for some time past had been troubled with one of these dangerous animals which had taken up its quarters there, and successfully evaded all attempts either to kill or capture it. The infirmities of advancing years prevented Sir James from taking a part in the exciting chase himself, so he had to be content with storming at his followers for their want of skill and courage in failing to get rid of the unwelcome intruder.

There were many suitors for the hand of Margaret, but only two had any chance of success. These were the Laird of Lochinvar and James Ogilvy, whose claims appeared about equal. Lochinvar was indeed the favourite with the lady; but in those days young ladies were not always allowed to wed whom they liked, and her father preferred the wealthy Ogilvy to the younger, more handsome, but poorer Lochinvar. Sir James was too fond of his daughter to wish to force her inclinations, and willing to give the young laird a chance, and at the same time to get rid of his most undesirable tenant—the wild boar—he promised to give the hand of his daughter to the suitor who should kill it. Margaret herself was well satisfied with this decision; for she had little fear but that the brave, daring, and skilful Lochinvar would be the victor. The rivals started on their hunting expedition with very different feelings, Lochinvar eager, fearless, and anxious to meet with the dangerous animal; Ogilvy, on the other hand,

did not much relish the bargain. He was no great sportsman, and thought that an encounter with the boar might be too high a price to pay even for the possession of his lady-love.

It was some time before Lochinvar could get on the track of his game. At last he succeeded in rousing the wild beast from its lair, and fairly started in pursuit. Long and weary was the chase, but at last he got the boar at bay, and after a stubborn and long-contested battle, it lay dead at his feet. Quite worn out with his great exertions and faint from exhaustion—for he had been slightly wounded in the final struggle—Lochinvar did not at once cut off the boar's head, but contented himself with cutting out the tongue, which he placed in his pouch, and then laid himself down to take his much needed rest. While he was lying sound asleep, Ogilvy chanced to pass that way, and seeing his sleeping rival and the dead boar, conceived the idea of gaining the reward without personal risk, and at the same time revenging himself on his detested rival. He quietly cut off the boar's head without disturbing the unconscious Lochinvar, and speedily made his way to Sir James Scott, announced his success, much to the despair of Margaret, and immediately started for the Court to claim the reward from the King.

When Lochinvar awoke, he saw at once the mean trick that had been played upon him, and made a shrewd guess at the author. On making inquiries his suspicions were confirmed, and full of indignation and anger he started after the cowardly thief.

Arriving at the Court he found, as he had expected, that his rival had just had an audience of the King, and obtained the offered reward. With some little trouble Lochinvar was also admitted to the royal presence, when he stated his grievance, and craved that justice might be done. Ogilvy was recalled and confronted with Lochinvar, who again told his version of the occurrence and denounced Ogilvy as the thief. This was as strongly denied by the unprincipled man, who not only maintained his innocence, but overwhelmed his rival with reproaches and accusations. The King was puzzled to decide between them, and demanded if they had witnesses to substantiate their very different accounts. "Yes," exclaimed Lochinvar, triumphantly, "yes, I have a witness; the boar himself shall speak for me." "What mean you," demanded the King, who began to think he had a

madman before him. "May it please your Grace to have the boar's head produced, and I will explain," said Lochinvar. This was done, when he opened the mouth and showed the King that the tongue was wanting; then, taking the missing member from his pouch, he presented it to His Majesty, and explained that he had cut it out before he fell asleep, on purpose to prove his right in case he should have any difficulty in the matter. The King was perfectly satisfied, and not only caused the guilty Ogilvy to refund the reward, but ordered him to be imprisoned for his contemptible theft.

Being himself an ardent sportsman, the King took a great interest in the case, asked Lochinvar many particulars of his encounter with the boar, and in what manner he had at last succeeded in killing him.

"May it please your Royal Grace," said the undaunted Lochinvar, "I just gored him down with my spear."

"You are a brave fellow," answered the King, "and as a mark of my favour and appreciation of your courage and endurance, you shall henceforth be known as the Knight of *Goredown*."

The sequel to this may be easily guessed. The newly-made knight returned in triumph to claim his bride. They were married shortly after with the full consent of her father and herself, and lived long and happily together. In course of time the name of Goredown got shortened into Gordon, and became one of the great historic names of Scotland.

Tradition has it that the son of this brave man and fair lady was—

The young Lochinvar, who came out of the West,
celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's famous ballad.

Mention is made of this traditional origin of the name of Gordon by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., F.S.A., Scot., in his *Antiquarian Notes*.

M. A. ROSE.

A LIBERAL PATRON.—Lady Matheson of the Lews has already ordered 4500 copies of the sketch of her late husband, Sir James Matheson, Bart., which appeared in our last number, in neat pamphlet form, and is arranging for a large number of the same, translated into Gaelic, for distribution among her numerous tenantry in the north.

HISTORY OF THE MATHESONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE IOMAIRE MATHESONS.

THIS family claim descent from Alexander Matheson, alleged by his descendants to be the eldest son of John Matheson of Fernaig. If this contention were maintained, the chiefship of the whole Clan Matheson would necessarily fall to this family. We have already indicated our opinion on this point. According to the "Iomaire" Manuscript, where the claim is seriously made,

ALEXANDER MATHESON, who lived in Duriness, Lochalsh, married Isabella, daughter of Murdoch, son of Hector Mackenzie of Fairburn, with issue, four sons—

1. Roderick, his heir.
2. Duncan, married, without male issue.
3. Murdoch, and 4. Angus, both of whom were drowned on their way to the Isle of Skye.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

RODERICK MATHESON, who married Flora, daughter of Alexander Matheson, known as "Alastair Mac Ian Oig," in Achataytoralan, with issue—

1. John, his heir.
2. Alexander, who married a daughter of John Mackinnon in Strath, Isle of Skye, by whom he had a numerous issue, long ago extinct in the male line.
3. Murdoch, who married Flora, daughter of John, second son of Alexander Matheson, "Alastair Mac Ian Oig," in Achataytoralan, with issue—several sons and daughters, all of whom died young, except one son, Alexander, afterwards Rector of the High School of Edinburgh; and one daughter, Anne, who married William Macdonald, Ord, afterwards tinsmith in Dalkeith.

4. Donald, who married one of the Mackenzies of Hilton. He resided in the Parish of Contin, where he left two sons—Donald and Alexander—where both of them were alive in 1824.

5. Annabella.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

JOHN MATHESON, who married Mary, daughter of Duncan (second son of Kenneth Mackenzie of the family of Davochmaluag)

by his wife, Janet, daughter of Lachlan Mackinnon, Breakish, Isle of Skye, better known as "Lachlan Mac Thearlaich Oig," the well-known Gaelic poet. Lachlan's mother was Marion, daughter of John Macleod of Drynoch.

John Matheson was tacksman of Inchnairn, in Achamore. He died young, leaving issue, by his wife as above, two sons—

1. Alexander, his heir.

2. Murdoch, who married, and had four sons, all of whom died young, except Donald, the youngest, who was, in 1824, schoolmaster in Ardgour, Lochaber, where he married, with issue—(1) Alexander, who resides near Edinburgh, and married a lady of the family of Colonel Macdonald of Powderhall, with issue—three sons and three daughters. He died in 1880. (2) Murdoch, residing at Castleton, Braemar, who married Helen Gunn, with issue—two sons and three daughters; and (3) a daughter.

John Matheson was succeeded by his eldest son,

ALEXANDER MATHESON, who married Janet, daughter of Duncan Macrae, Tutor of Conchra, by his wife, Isabella, daughter of Finlay Macrae, minister of Lochalsh, by his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, by his wife, Janet Macleod of Raasay. It is said that none of the Mathesons of the West followed Bennetsfield at the battle of Culloden, which is pointed to as evidence that they did not acknowledge him as chief of the clan. This Alexander accompanied his clansmen from Lochalsh, though only in his eighteenth year. While retreating from the field Cumberland's dragoons overtook them, and two of the enemy, who were considerably in advance of the others, were, by a preconcerted arrangement, allowed to come in at the gallop, but no sooner had they got past the first rear man than the horses' ham-strings were cut, and the dragoons despatched without ceremony. The rest of the troopers, seeing their leading comrades fall, turned back, and the retreating Mathesons, among whom Alexander was prominent, saw them no more. One of the saddles was taken home by Matheson and was carefully preserved for many years, until it was torn to pieces by a youth of the family, who had no idea how interesting and valuable the article was to the antiquarian and to the elders of his own house. Alexander Matheson lived at Sallachy, Lochalsh, where he died in 1793, leaving by his wife, Janet Macrae, one son,

RODERICK MATHESON, known as "Ruairi 'n Iomaire," the author of the Iomaire manuscript, to which we are indebted for particulars of this family. He married Margaret, daughter of Finlay Macrae, descended on the father's side from Alexander Macrae of Inverinate, and, on the mother's, from Donald Macrae of Torloisich, who fell at Sherffmuir in 1715. By her Roderick had issue, seven sons and six daughters—

1. John, who married Mary Stalker, with issue—(1) Alexander, who succeeded his grandfather as representative of the family. He emigrated to America, but afterwards returned to Scotland, and died at Bridge of Allan, unmarried; (2) John, in Glenshiel, who married Christina Munro, Fearn, with issue—Roderick, who lives at home, and John, who has gone to America; (3) Murdoch, married, in Glasgow, with issue—one son, John, and two daughters; (4) Janet; (5) Mary; (6) Anne; (7) Flora. John died before his father in July 1822.

2. Alexander, who died unmarried.

3. Murdoch, who was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, went to America in 1809, and died, unmarried, at Lexington, Georgia, on the 12th of September 1817, where a monument is erected to his memory.

4. Duncan, who married Janet Macrae, with issue—Donald, in Lochalsh, married, with issue; Roderick, in the Long Island; and two daughters, Flora and Annabella, both married, in Lochalsh.

5. Farquhar, who married Catherine Matheson, with issue—(1) Roderick, in the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh, married, with issue—three sons and a daughter; (2) Alexander, present parish minister of Glenshiel, still unmarried; (3) John, supervisor of Inland Revenue, Paisley, who married his cousin, Agnes Finlayson, with issue—five sons and four daughters; (4) Donald, Kirkton, Lochalsh, married, with issue—three sons and a daughter; (5) Murdoch, of the hon. Hudson Bay Company, who married, in March 1882, his cousin, Anne, daughter of the late John Macrae, Braintra, Lochalsh, and sister of Duncan Macrae, now of Ardintoul; (6) James, who died unmarried; and (7) a daughter.

6. William, who emigrated to Alabama. He married Maria Darrington, with issue—one son, William, who died unmarried, and three daughters.

7. Donald, who emigrated to America, and died unmarried.

8. Flora, who married Donald Maclellan, Plockton, where she died in 1820, leaving issue, four sons and four daughters—John, Alexander, Kenneth, Murdoch, Janet, Elizabeth, Catherine, and Christina.

9. Catherine, who married John Mackintosh, Glenelg, without issue.

10. Isabella, who died young.

11. Janet, who married John Macdonell, Dornie, with issue—(1) Murdoch, who died unmarried; (2) John, who emigrated to America, where he died. He was married, and left issue in Scotland. (3) Roderick, who emigrated to New Zealand; (4) Dugald, who died young; and five daughters.

12. Annabella, who married Roderick Finlayson, Achamore, with issue—(1) John, who emigrated to New Zealand, where he recently died, unmarried; (2) Farquhar, in New Zealand, still unmarried; (3) Roderick, now tacksman of Achamore, married, with issue—several sons and daughters; (4) Duncan, supervisor of Inland Revenue, Kirkwall, who married Paulina Anne Sillick, a native of Burntisland, with issue—five sons and a daughter; (5) Flora, who married the late John Macrae, Braintra, with issue—(a) Duncan, present tacksman of Ardintoul; (b) Roderick, M.D., now resident surgeon at the Medical College, Calcutta. He went through the late Afghan Campaign. (c) Ewen, recently tacksman of Braintra, now in New Zealand; (d) Donald, a tea planter in Assam; (e) John, M.B., C.M., now in London; all of whom are still unmarried; (f) Anne, who married her cousin, Murdoch Matheson, of the hon. Hudson Bay Company, as above; (6) Mary, who married Alexander M'Erlich, Morar.

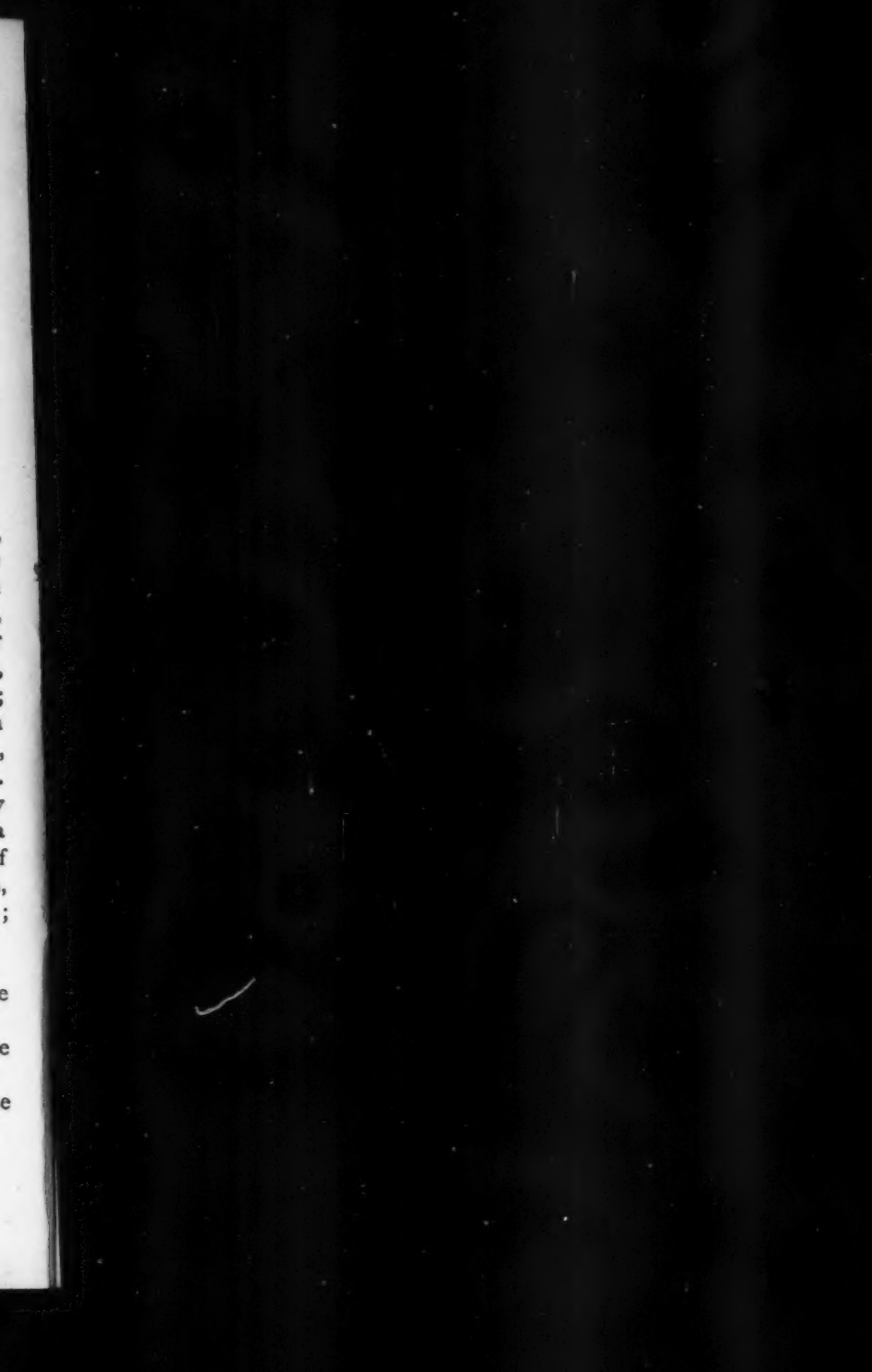
13. Anne, who died young.

Roderick Matheson, was succeeded, as representative of the family, by his grandson,

ALEXANDER MATHESON, who died, unmarried; when the representation of the family fell to the family of his brother,

JOHN MATHESON, Glenshiel, whose marriage and issue have been already given.

THE END.



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